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– Raymond J. Poltronier

THE
Commonweal

The Meaning of Mass Production

Peter F. Drucker

A Matter of Tradition

H. A. Reinhold

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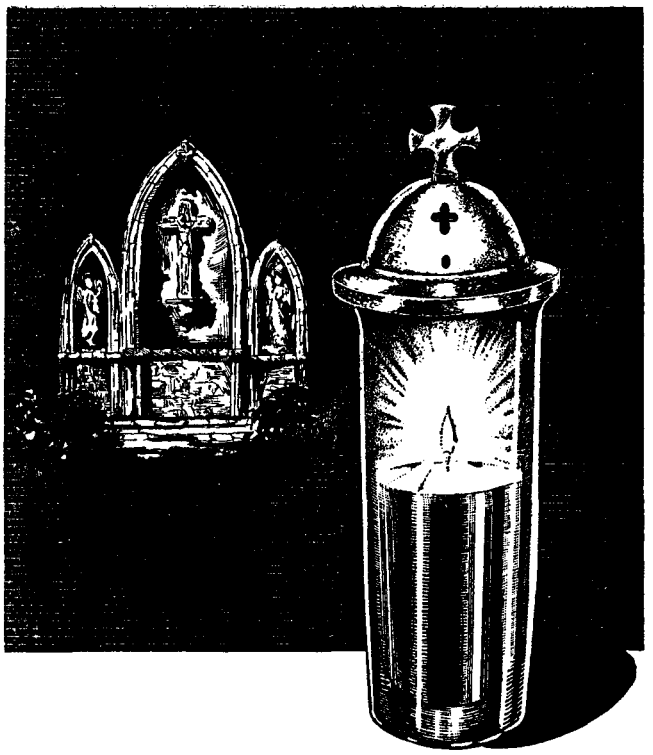

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THE
Commonweal
week by week

LIFE IN PRISON

FOR most U.S. citizens, prisons are a world apart. When the judge pronounces his sentence and the prisoner is led away, his disappearance, as far as the general public is concerned, is almost as complete as if he had gone off into space for a few years.

Only when spectacular riots capture the headlines are most people shocked into awareness of our prisons. For a few days the prisoners' everyday world of concrete and steel explodes into violence, and the newspapers are filled with dramatic accounts from the other-world of death and destruction. Then, in the usual course of events, the riot is quelled, the leaders subdued, and the newspapers drop the subject.

This time may be different. Nineteen fifty-two may go down in penal history as the year of the riots. In what are called good prisons and in bad, violence has been flaring sporadically for many months. During the current series of outbreaks, there have been more than a dozen serious prison uprisings, and there is no sign that the riot-fever is at an end.

The slightest incident may set off a riot in the best run prison. But widespread riots of the kind the nation has witnessed during the last year happen only when something is wrong with penal systems. A good many things are wrong with ours.

Prisons should both repress and reform. If they try only to repress, riots will inevitably follow. And, paradoxically enough, one effect of widespread rioting is to encourage public demand for stiffer punishments and stricter discipline. These in turn set the stage for further violence and more newspaper headlines at some later date.

Prisoners do not have to be coddled. But there is no excuse for the kind of crowding that now exists in some of our major prisons, where three, four or even more men are cramped into quarters designed for two. There is no excuse, except that other facilities are not available and state legislatures will not vote funds necessary to expand prison facilities.

It is more than coincidence that many riots begin with complaints about food. In an inflation era, most prisons are still trying to feed men on depression budgets. Legislators think they are saving money by refusing more for food than fifty or sixty cents a day, only to end up with riot damage that may amount to millions.

FOR any good prison, a trained and capable staff is essential. Yet prison wages are so bad that the turnover on personnel is extremely high, and a guard with no previous experience may have the major responsibility for guarding scores of the most desperate criminals.

Few prisons have either the staff or the facilities to utilize a good system of classification and segregation. Psychopaths who should be in the overcrowded state mental hospitals are sent instead to the penitentiary. Sex criminals are not isolated. As a result of such practices, the life of too many prisons is dismayingly like that of the jungle. The psychopathic criminal and the sexually aggressive prowl among youthful prisoners and non-violent white-collar offenders and the most unscrupulous rule the roost. Under such circumstances, it is small wonder that many prisons are graduate schools in crime where ruin is more common than reform.

Reforming our prison system would mean spending more money for expanded facilities to end the shameful and dangerous overcrowding. It would mean a countrywide overhaul for our parole systems, which vary widely from state to state. It would put an end to the senseless lack of proportion between many crimes and their punishment, from one court to another and even from one day to another.

For those prisoners who need it—and they are many—reform of the prison system would bring psychiatric and counseling services. It would mean more attention to prison conditions by religious groups. Reform would mean more money for better trained prison personnel and more opportunities for

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the prisoner to work constructively inside prison and to prepare for a useful life outside.

Above all, reform of the prison system would demand a change in the public attitude toward the whole problem. On conviction, the prisoner may lose certain rights pertaining to his citizenship; he never loses the rights he has as a man.

SOVIET NATIONALITIES

THERE is a great division among East European exiles and American strategists on the future of the Ukranians and other minorities which were a part of the Soviet Union before 1939. The fact that Hitler and his invading troops were at first greeted as liberators is one indication of the vehemence of the nationalist sentiment animating certain Soviet subject peoples. Another is supplied by present-day escapees from behind the Iron Curtain, who bear witness that the strong current of anti-imperialism surging through the world's colonial areas has to some extent penetrated the barriers of a Soviet empire, normally hermetically sealed off from the rest of the world.

Unhappily, great tensions have arisen among European exiles from the USSR and its satellites. They are unable to reach agreement on a common goal. Some favor complete separation from the USSR, with or without federation with neighboring nations of the West. Others seek but a change of political status: a large degree of autonomy in conjunction with some federation with Moscow.

And this leads to the opposing currents of opinion over here. One is strongly opposed to any plan which would involve "dismemberment" of pre-1939 Soviet Russia. This, its advocates hold, would but arouse Russian patriotic sentiments, even rally all citizens round their present Communist masters. The leaders of the Russian Army, the chief hope of engineering a successful uprising (on Stalin's death or at some other propitious moment) could never be expected to be party to a scheme which so clearly violates their patriotic feelings.

The other theory is that repressed nationalism is the all-important revolutionary factor. No revolt could be expected of men bent on national self-determination, if they were to remain in the hands of some non-Stalinist regime of Great Russians. To strike for freedom, these Ukranians, Armenians, Turkomans, Georgians and the rest insist on national independence. But it remains unknown how great a proportion of their compatriots these exiles represent. For there have been some gestures toward cultural autonomy with the USSR.

At this stage a blueprint is impossible. No compromise formula can greatly satisfy either group. The promise of an authentic plebiscite is as far as the Allies can go at present. The only way we can honestly instill confidence among Russian and other nationalities is to pledge that post-Stalinist Russia would be set up in accordance with the well ascertained wishes of the people. Such a prospect would at least seem to imply the erection of some sort of federation to supplant the present monolithic Russian State.

NEXT WEEK

MURRAY BALLANTYNE discusses present conditions in Canada.

"The twentieth century has been said to belong to Canada, but the Dominion of the North has been a long time coming into her inheritance. Although Canada covers more than half of North America, she has much less arable land than the United States. Moreover her growing season is shorter. Stand on the utmost limit of your coldest state, and all that stretches between you and the North Pole is Canada. We begin where you leave off. Not for nothing did Voltaire label New France a 'few acres of snow.' As a famous historian has said, Canada is a country in which nature has put up a grim resistance before beginning to yield her largesse."

THE HAZARDS OF PARTISANSHIP

NO one can reasonably expect political commentators and editorial writers to display a universal nonpartisanship. To do so would be to confuse their role with that of a reporter.

Admitting a commentator's right to responsible partisanship, however, it still seems reasonable to expect that in the application of his principles he will display a certain elementary consistency and objectivity. We expect, for instance, that he will not be caught in the absurdity of praising his friends for what he condemns in his opponents or blaming in his opponents that which he and his friends have themselves long practiced.

In the weeks since President Eisenhower's inauguration the majority of the nation's political writers have had a major opportunity to prove their real objectivity. But their performance, by and large, has demonstrated that in politics even minimal hopes are frequently disappointed.

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There have been notable exceptions, of course, but on the whole the tendency in the nation's press has been toward uncritical adulation of President Eisenhower's every move. And with all due allowance made for good-will and the traditional "honeymoon" period in our political life, this widespread and seemingly deliberate abandonment of responsible critical analysis is disturbing.

For these reasons the voice of Adlai Stevenson speaking at the Democrats' Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner seemed especially reassuring. His warnings of certain dangers facing the new Administration seemed as healthy as they were necessary. But when they were discussed in the press (when they were discussed at all) it was frequently either as the irrelevant witticisms of a "pleasant" man or as forms of latter-day treason. Thus the New York *Herald Tribune* editorially dismissed Mr. Stevenson's speech as a nice indication that his sense of humor was still intact, while David Lawrence practically accused him of subversion for voicing his misgivings about the character and tone of the Eisenhower-Dulles policies.

Adlai Stevenson has warned the Democrats of the hazards of opposition: they must, he said, "never be content merely to oppose"; they must rather "always propose something better." His warnings are to the point, and it would be well if certain journalistic supporters of the majority party were to display an equivalent sense of responsibility. For it is not enough to support either; it is also necessary that support be critical and generous to honest opposition. A one-party press must not succeed in molding a one-minded America.

CENSORSHIP

MILITARY life is largely an inarticulate life. There are the mechanical memoirs of eminent soldiers: the digest of the files of years, prepared by literary aides-de-camp, documents of interest to history but intrinsically of little worth. For the professional soldier who writes anything of stature is rare—Caesar, Winston Churchill, T. E. Lawrence—and usually is a man who has transcended military life and found fulfillment in something larger.

This is not surprising. We see few men who are both able leaders, men of physical courage and action, and who at the same time possess the qualities of sensitiveness and creativity. And military life places its premium on the characteristics of the extrovert and the physical leader. It asks from juniors not creative intelligence so much as imaginative obedience. That is the way of armies.

But now a book has proved to be a bomb (a small one) in the workings of this un-literary, anti-literary army. Lieutenant Colonel Melvin B. Voorhees has been court-martialed for publishing *Korean Tales* without having it cleared. He is not an artist, and certainly is no military statesman (or diplomat, one might add). He is a newspaperman with a reservist's silver leaf temporarily on his shoulder, who had some controversial opinions to get off his chest. His book, which is about the Eighth Army in Korea, criticizes MacArthur, certain correspondents, and the validity of "meritorious service" decorations for field-grade officers, among other things. His list of targets sounds like the established roster of the gripes of Eighth Army troops.

What was at question in the trial, however, was not the merit of the criticisms, but their propriety.

As far as can be told from the brief trial accounts, Colonel Voorhees defended himself by arguing that the army has the right to security censorship, but that policy censorship has never been applied to the public statements of his fellow-officers Generals MacArthur, Clay, etc.

The army has itself never been thoroughly clear about just what it intends to censor and what it does not. Its right to security censorship is unquestioned, but its right to policy censorship has been stubbornly and repeatedly questioned, argued and ignored. Correspondents who resent such things as hushing up accidental bombings of U.N. troops, as has been recent Eighth Army policy, are the ones who do the usually fruitless arguing. Generals such as MacArthur, Bradley and Clay, do the ignoring.

Policy censorship is a temptation that is not limited to the military authorities. It is the sort of thing which exercises a wicked fascination for any man with divided authority and single accountability. The less people know about things, the less chance there is that the junior officer, or bureaucrat, or his chief is going to get into trouble. And staying out of trouble is the key to modest, assured success in the office as much as in the field.

Policy censorship has its own dynamism. It grows as individual commanders and executives find it convenient to keep their own operations out of the way of inquisitive reporters.

So long as there are petty men, and men who fear responsibility, there will be attempts to keep the press away from public business, and there will be attempts to outlaw criticism. But we Americans should be fond of controversy and criticism, both in and out of the army, for if history has taught us anything it has taught us that for democracy, living with controversy is annoying, but living without it is quite impossible.

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PATRIOT VS. PRELATE

AN old friend is back in the news. From Ireland, where he has gone to write a book, word has come that Paul Blanshard has filed a petition with the State Department asking that U.S. citizenship be withdrawn from Archbishop Gerald P. O'Hara, who serves as Papal Nuncio to Ireland.

Under the McCarran-Walter Act, American citizens are prohibited from "performing the duties of any office, post or employment under the government of a foreign state" which requires an oath of allegiance.

According to Mr. Blanshard, Archbishop O'Hara, who is bound by the oath of loyalty to the Pope he took when he became a bishop, is breaking the law. According to the Vatican press office, a Papal Nuncio does not represent Vatican City but the Supreme Pontiff, the Holy See and the Church; therefore there is no question of Archbishop O'Hara's representing the government of a foreign state.

The only oath Archbishop O'Hara took was the one taken by every bishop; the Vatican commentator added that by following Mr. Blanshard's line of reasoning one could conclude that the entire American hierarchy is breaking the law. It will be remembered that in his previous writings Mr. Blanshard did hold that all U.S. bishops should register as foreign agents.

By definition, all Catholics, clerical or lay, share the same loyalty as the bishops. So after the bishops are outlawed from patriotic American society it will only be logical to go on to the lower clergy and the laity. Then with all Catholics clearly set off as dangerous characters, who can say where logic will lead?

All this, of course, is pretty heady stuff in certain anti-Catholic circles. By one brave stroke of legalistic logic the "Catholic problem" could be solved. But I'm afraid it's the stuff of daydreams. Catholics in American life are here to stay—just as Jews are, and Negroes, and Puerto Ricans and all the other groups who spoil the nativist's dream of tidy uniformity.

Just what Mr. Blanshard hopes to accomplish by dangling before his delighted followers the possibilities of legal action against one-sixth of the nation, only he can say. But I have an idea of what might happen, and I don't think Mr. Blanshard or his followers will like it at all. Thanks to the Blanshard petition, the whole question of the Pope's official position and the loyalty he receives from U.S. Catholics may be clarified by legal authority.

I don't for a minute believe that Mr. Blanshard really thinks Catholics are disloyal. Nor does he believe that the Pope wants to take over the Eisenhower residence on Pennsylvania Avenue. What does he believe? Well, he thinks there is a "Catholic problem" in this country and something has to be done about it. Catholics simply refuse to go along with what they themselves describe as secularism and what Mr. Blanshard likes to call democracy; in an age of carefree relative morality Catholics persist stubbornly in their outmoded absolutist beliefs; in an age of national exclusiveness and rigid patriotic orthodoxy they hold fast in their loyalty to a supra-national Church.

Now the creation of the tiny State called Vatican City is, one suspects, precisely what Mr. Blanshard would be calling for if the Pope were, say, a citizen of Italy who owed allegiance to that government. One can almost hear him: if Catholics must accept this spiritual leader (and they must) then let their Pope be the citizen of no nation—let him be a man without a country.

Mr. Blanshard doesn't say that now, of course, because a man without a country is just about what the Pope is; at least there is an independent Vatican City so the man who is called Holy Father by men of all nations will not have to salute the flag of any nation.

What does Mr. Blanshard want? Shall we drop our belief in the Pope's spiritual office and refashion the Church to suit the Blanshard concept of what Catholicism isn't but should be? Or should Vatican City be absorbed into some other nation so that the Pope, no longer supra-national, becomes a national figure? Or, to put it crudely, should we simply go back to where we came from and stop messing up Mr. Blanshard's plans for a monolithic America?

All the arguments about the Pope as spiritual leader and as Sovereign of Vatican City are just so much hooey. Archbishop O'Hara is doing ecclesiastical work in Ireland—just as a minister friend of mine long did YMCA work in Rome—and Mr. Blanshard knows it; he knows too that there is no contradiction between the Archbishop's work and his loyalty.

Blanshard has fastened on a technical point, but again he knows and we know that it is not the technicality he is concerned about. Well, if the case reaches the courts, I think he is going to have to take a technical knock-out. But that won't solve anything. In his present mood nothing will satisfy Mr. Blanshard until the Catholic Church either changes fundamentally or is outlawed in the United States. Neither seems to be a very likely possibility.

Catholics, I think, are growing rather fond of Paul Blanshard, the way one does with a pesky kid. Maybe it wouldn't be out of place for a Catholic to remind him that there comes a time when the game is over and a little peace and quiet are in order. If he wants to keep his eminence he shouldn't overdo. Even the liveliest scamp gets boring after a while.

JOHN COGLEY.

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The Meaning of Mass Production

"MASS PRODUCTION CREATES A TRUE SOCIETY IN WHICH EVERYBODY IS A CITIZEN BECAUSE EVERYBODY IS ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL."

PETER F. DRUCKER

THE real revolution of our times has been the worldwide sweep of industrialization since the first World War. Before 1914 industrialization was confined by and large to the immediate hinterland of the North Atlantic. Today there are few areas of the inhabited globe which are not under its full sway. More than any of the social upheavals of the last forty years, it is industrialization that has been uprooting ancient societies like the Chinese, that has been changing ways of life and of culture older than recorded history, and has shaken if not broken ancient institutions such as the caste system of India or the Chinese family system. The basic conflict of our time is that being waged over the control of this new revolutionary force and over the order that will emerge from it.

This revolution is based on a new principle of social organization: mass production. To most people "mass production" seems nothing more than a matter of techniques, the application of a few machines and tools or even one tool, the conveyor belt. But today the mass production principle is not confined at all to manufacturing even though it originated there. Mass production has shown its application in farming, in office work, and in the organization of scientific research. Even the way in which the great invasions of Europe were organized by the Allies during World War II was nothing but the application of the mass production principle to the organization of military forces.

In other words the mass production principle is quite independent of any given tool, machine, or of any given technique. It is, like any proper technique, conceptual rather than technical. And the essence of mass production is not the production of large numbers of uniform products. It is the very opposite—the ability to produce an infinite variety of final products from uniform and standardized parts. The best proof of this is the fact that American industry today has a variety of final products such as Europe has never known.

Nor does mass production rest on the substitution of unskilled for skilled work—another fallacy still generally believed. In the United States, where mass production has become the universal principle of organization, unskilled laborers are practically a dying race, to be found primarily in the poorest farming areas of the country. Even the men who run a machine—and that requires a considerable amount of training—are declining both as a proportion in the labor force and, despite our rapidly growing population, in total numbers. The groups in the population that have been growing most rapidly all require a considerable background of training and education: executives and technicians, skilled workers, foremen and clerical workers. The unskilled worker on the assembly line, whom novelists and movie-script writers did so much to make a figure of popular myth, is rapidly becoming obsolete.

This is of the essence of mass production. For the principle of mass production is precisely that the actual work is done before the job of production is begun. It is done in the idea, by using theories, on paper and conceptually. For instance, it takes two to four years work and something like four thousand tons of theoretical engineering drawings before an airplane, even a small airplane, can be put into production; after that, production moves so rapidly that at the end of another half year thousands of airplanes can have been produced. But without the years of theoretical work no airplanes can be produced at all. A mass production economy, in fact, can never have enough educated and trained people.

ABOVE all, mass production is not a technological principle but primarily a new social order, a new concept of organizing joint human effort. And while not without precedent—the human organization that built the great Gothic cathedral was essentially based on the same principle—mass production is a radical innovation. In mass production no one person actually produces. It is the group, the whole that produces. But no one person is unessential, since the work of the whole cannot be done unless everyone works and contributes. Mass production creates a true society in which everybody is a citizen because everybody is

Mr. Drucker is the author of "The Future of Industrial Man" and "The New Society."

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absolutely essential, and in which, at the same time, no one can be productive without all the others.

This means in effect that mass production rests not so much on specialization—the thing all the technical writers talk about—but on the very opposite, on integration. It rests on the ability of people to see the whole before the work even begins, to visualize the whole as the relations of all its parts and then create the whole—all before a single hand is put to a machine or a single nail is pounded in by a single hammer. The integration of mass production requires man's most human qualities, his imagination and his ability to apply generalization to the specific and the concrete.

But the industrial revolution is not only based on a new social principle. It also is based on a new social institution—the modern business enterprise. Legally this new modern business enterprise looks exactly the same as the business of fifty or a hundred years ago which it succeeded. Socially and philosophically it is something different. The modern business enterprise is an institution in the sense that it is a social unit of its own. It is the productive factor in the economy. Neither the machine nor the human being by themselves would be productive. They are productive only in the organization of the enterprise.

It cannot be emphasized too strongly that there is no essential difference in the nature, requirements and structure of the business enterprise in the various political systems. It is essentially the same in a free enterprise society, a Communist or fascist totalitarianism or under social democracy. This fact has a most important consequence for our time. It means simply that the basic problems of social order do not lie in the organization of the State.

From the nineteenth century we inherited philosophies which preached that by changing the juridical order and the form of government, society can be basically changed—for better or worse. Today such philosophies are simply obsolete. They are reactionary; they are a hundred years behind the times; they are—and this is the worst one can say of an ideology—irrelevant. Whoever bothers with them, whoever puts his faith in them, simply worries about the problems of yesterday, rather than about the problems of today. He may come to power—by using bayonets or exploiting the misery and suffering of the masses. But he can stay in power only by brute force and terror. For he cannot possibly deliver what he promises—a new social order. The problems of social order lie within the modern business enterprise.

THIS new institution, the modern business enterprise, has produced new basic organs which are the new social leaders of our modern age—business management and labor union leadership. These new organs of society have emerged during the last fifty years. As far as I know, never before have new basic social organs grown so rapidly as these two have—from the most obscure beginning within the memory of many people still alive to their present dominant position. They are the social reality of a modern industrial society.

In estimating the political meaning of this change, the first thing to be noticed is that management has become the new socially-leading group in an industrial society.

I do not say "capitalist." That term has become meaningless since we have no "capitalists" in the traditional sense of the term. Something like fifteen million families—forty per cent of our population—are the owners of our industrial and business corporations with very few of them being either rich or deriving their main income from their ownership in business enterprise. Nor am I talking of "employees," since the new "manager" is himself usually an employee.

Management is a functional classification. It is an organ of the enterprise. It derives its power, its importance and its authority not from property but from what it does. Primarily, it is a professional term and every day management in the United States assumes more of the character of a profession—a certain fundamental theoretical education, a basic code of mores and morals, a concept of social responsibilities, and a growing body of systematic theoretical knowledge, rapidly assuming some of the characteristics of a genuine science.

The first duty of management is to the enterprise: to maintain the enterprise as a productive organization. But that also includes duties to all the groups which stand in a relationship to the enterprise—whether they be the owners, the workers, the customers or society in general.

Management is indispensable. Soviet Russia has no more been able to do without it than would any other country that industrializes to any extent. In fact Soviet Russia has learned that no matter what Marxist theory says about it—and obviously Marxist theory would not accept the existence of management—the integrity of management, its authority, its responsibility and its function must be protected and must be preserved.

But industrial society also requires the labor union—otherwise management can never be a "legitimate ruler." Management must always put the interests of the enterprise first. It cannot be government primarily in the interest of the employees who are subject to its rule.

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Therefore the employees require a counterforce to offset, to limit, to balance management's power.

Such a counterforce is not unknown to history—a close parallel is the *tribunus populi* of ancient Rome. But it is not something that is too easy. For while the union is absolutely needed—in fact it can be suppressed only by totalitarian government, and its suppression makes totalitarianism terror and dictatorship absolutely inevitable—the union will always be secondary and limited in its function. For it can never become the management itself.

In the interest of a strong and constructive trade unionism—something every industrial society needs badly—we must insist that the union not corrupt itself by assuming the functions of management. A very good example of what happens to a union that ceases to be a counterforce to management and becomes management itself may be seen today in Great Britain in the nationalized industry.

Only a few years—and yet long established and greatly popular union leadership has become, in the eyes of the workers, a "tool of management" and has lost their confidence and, increasingly, their allegiance. The union leaders in the nationalized industries are in their jobs today only because of the thirty or forty years of personal loyalty they have built up; once they are gone their successors will hardly be able to be both members of management and accepted union leaders. For participation in management of the enterprise means inevitably that the union leader will himself have to put the interest of the enterprise first and it is his job—as it was the job of the *tribunus populi*—to put the interest of the employees first.

Because both management and unions are necessary, the worker himself will insist—and increasingly does so—on a relationship between the two that enables him to give allegiance to both. In an industrial society it is the worker above all who cannot exist in a situation of "class war." He cannot survive in a conflict of loyalty that requires him to take sides permanently.

MOST especially, the business enterprise is a social order. For its employees, it is increasingly the community in which they spend the major part of their waking hours and from which they therefore expect the fulfillment of the social promises of their society. Its employees expect from the enterprise the status and function which make a person a citizen, and they expect to find the equal opportunities of a democratic society. In other words, the workers look upon the enterprise as the place in which they realize both freedom and justice.

But the enterprise too must insist that its employees are citizens. It is absolutely clear that industrial society cannot afford to employ proletarians, people whose sole interest in the work is the wage they get out of it. It must insist on people who take not only an interest in the whole but who have something much rarer and much more difficult—a view of the whole, that is, a "managerial view."

And it is equally to the interest of the enterprise to establish a relationship between its own profitability and the economic interest of its employees. The more complicated and complex our technology becomes, the greater the dependence of the enterprise upon the desire of the employee to make the enterprise a success. Therefore he must himself have a real stake—in terms of employment stability, protection against the hazards of life, of old age, of retirement, etc.—a stake that is grounded in the success of the enterprise.

Finally in its internal community life the enterprise in its own interest must give the worker adequate opportunities for the discharge of local self-government responsibilities. It must draw on the worker to run those affairs inside the plant community or the office which are predominantly of interest to the employee and which are not really in any way connected with the economic profitability and survival of the enterprise.

FOR our society, the new institution of the enterprise has important consequences. In it we have the first new autonomous institution that has emerged in Western society since the collapse of the medieval order. The enterprise is not a creature of the State—even though the laws which govern it and set its limitations are of course laws of the State. The enterprise has a nature and logic of its own. It is the local self-government of modern society, the logical successor to manor, village and town. Thus for the first time in four hundred or five hundred years we will in the future again have a society in which local self-government is absolutely necessary and in which only tyranny can establish a centralized state. We have to learn again to be pluralists in our political thinking.

The nineteenth century believed profoundly that economic activity is a-social or anti-social activity. It saw in the self-interest of the individual or of the business a force that was in no way directed towards social goals. One philosophy believed—though without any real evidence—that by the sheer magic of the "Invisible Hand" of the Manchester school of Liberalism this purely a-social activity would be turned into the social good. The other school, rapidly grow-

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ing since it first appeared a little over a hundred years ago, believed that in order to save society economic self-interest had to be suppressed. On neither assumption could a modern industrial society possibly exist; if either theory were correct, we would have a schizophrenic society, bound to disintegrate rapidly.

Today we know that those two approaches are nonsense, that they are obsolete, that they are irrelevant. For the modern business enterprise, nothing is fundamentally profitable in the long run, unless it is constructive for society. What society requires in the relationship between management and labor, between enterprise and employees, is also the one and only way to get more production, greater profits, and greater competitive strength. The distribution system that will give the highest standard of living to the greatest number of people—and will especially tend to increase the standard of living of the lowest income groups the fastest—is also the distribution system that will give the enterprise the biggest market. Above all, we now know that the production of wealth in such a system will rapidly tend to promote economic equality and the justice of equal opportunities.

During the last twenty-five years in the U.S.—through a tremendous depression and a tremendous war—the differential between the upper income group and the lowest income group has been cut by some seventy percent and almost entirely by the raising of the standard of living of the lowest income group. The United States today is the country in which equality of income and equality of opportunities are the most nearly realized, while the Soviet Union—with its basic assumption of the conflict between economic interests and the interests of society—has probably the greatest inequality of incomes of any major country today.

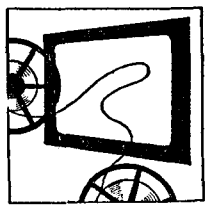
What this means is that we again have a moral society. For no society can be a moral society in which the self-interest of the individual does not also promote the best interest of society, in which the fullest development of the personality of the individual does not promote the greatest perfection of society, in which competition and cooperation are not equally needed and equally socially productive.

I am not saying that an industrial society automatically and by itself realizes any of these goals. Far from it; it requires a very great effort from all who live in it, as every good society does. But we have today, in the challenge and the opportunities of industrial society, the possibility of creating harmony, establishing again a moral community. In this possibility lies the real meaning of industry, and also the best chance for the survival of Western society as a free, strong and prosperous society, and for the survival of Western Man as a free man, a citizen and a person.

THE SCREEN

CUCULLUS NON FACIT MONACHUM

THE amazing thing about the new Hitchcock opus is that it is stronger on religion than suspense. Audiences may be a little surprised to find the hero-priest of "I Confess" looking so boyishly handsome as he tears around the streets of Quebec without a hat, but they will have to admit that Montgomery Clift gives an excellent performance in the priest's role. "I Confess" builds up quite a case for the inviolability of the confessional. Clift is extremely moving in the picture's big scenes: the sequence in the confessional when an employee of the rectory confesses he just killed a man (and what's more he wore a priest's cassock when he committed the crime); the sequence at the police inspector's office when the embarrassed priest listens to a married woman admit that she has long been in love with him (and they were together on the night of the murder); the sequence at the priest's trial for murder when he incredulously and painfully hears the real killer tell lie after lie.



As a suspense thriller, the plot of "I Confess" is its own enemy. We know who is the murderer right from the start; and immediately thereafter, the priest learns the secret through Confession. Although the story's involved method for building up a case against the priest and giving him a motive for murder is intriguing, we are always aware that no movie will hang an innocent priest. Alfred Hitchcock is too good a director to make a dull movie. "I Confess" is by no means dull; but it is certainly long and talky, and at times it is almost static when the married woman (played by Anne Baxter in a hard, brassy fashion) tells in a lengthy flashback how she and the priest were involved with the murdered man, and in the courtroom scene, which has good dialogue but no action.

George Tabori and William Archibald, who wrote the script from Paul Anthelme's play, are greatly to blame for the film's lack of movement; but Hitchcock himself could have pepped things up.

Hitchcock has directed his cast well, including such supporting players as Karl Malden, Roger Dann and Brian Aherne. And he has used locale well; the streets and buildings of Quebec are handsomely photographed. The street-signs with the arrows and the word "Direction" are repeated again and again in rapid succession at the film's beginning to suggest the "God writes straight with crooked lines" idea. At the end, the exciting chase "down the labyrinthine ways" leads through Quebec's famous Chateau Frontenac. Although it would have strengthened the portrait of the harassed

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priest to show him turning to God and prayer more often, Montgomery Clift never falters in his portrayal of a dedicated man who says he "chose to be what I am." "I Confess" may not be one of Hitchcock's best thrillers, but it has one of his most vivid characterizations.

AN Italian import called "Anna" is not quite so successful in conveying what motivates a religious —mainly because its plot gets so involved in melodrama that we get lost in the hokum. "Anna" tells the story of a woman who decides to become a nun after a dreadful tragedy; and while she is a novice, working as a nursing sister in a large Milan hospital, she has to make the big decision whether to continue in a life of service to others or to return to the world and her former fiancé, who wants to marry her.

Director Albert Lattuada succeeds in giving us a realistic cross-section of life in a big hospital. There are plenty of convincing scenes in white corridors, wards and operating rooms, complete with spurting blood. If "Anna" had stuck to the hospital, it could have been quite a stirring picture. But when it attempts to give us Anna's earlier story in flashbacks, it works overtime to be sensational and we can hardly take it seriously.

Before she was a novice, Anna was a flashy night-club entertainer, and she was so completely overwhelmed by the man upstairs (played with a leer by Vittorio Gassmann) that she couldn't resist spending the nights in his apartment even after she became engaged to a good and kind farmer (Raf Vallone). Silvana Mangano is extremely attractive in the title role. It is unfortunate that Lattuada let his flashback scenes get so sexy; they detract from the sincerity of the hospital episodes, and furthermore they make it almost impossible for Miss Mangano, who is a good actress, to convey the spiritual depth necessary for the film's big finale.

It so happens that I saw "Anna" twice—first with English subtitles, and then later when English voices had been dubbed in. I found myself liking the film more the first time—and this is not necessarily a criticism against dubbing. But the words spoken by the various actors in the dubbed version seem banal, and several of the scenes that were intended to be greatly moving turned out to be rather trivial when the dialogue was heard word for word. This is a point that the distributors of foreign-language films might well consider when dubbing their pictures: the dialogue must be worthy of the scene that is visualized.

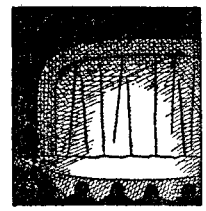
TYRONE Power is properly handsome and convincing as "The Mississippi Gambler" but the story in which he has to prove himself leaves much to be desired. For no reason that this pretty Technicolor film makes clear, Piper Laurie, as its petulant heroine, rejects Ty until the last reel; and our honest gambler, equally inexplicably, refuses to give lovely Julia Adams a tumble. In the meantime Tyrone wins and loses a lot of money and does some very fancy fencing. The trickiest bit of plot fencing, however, comes at the end when Piper's villainous husband (Ron Randall) just plain disappears, thus leaving Piper uncluttered so she can sail into Ty's arms.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

THE EMPEROR'S CLOTHES

THE interment of George Tabori's play, lately deceased at the Barrymore, was announced by Mr. Robert Whitehead and the Playwright's Company with a funereal solemnity usually reserved for



catastrophes of state. It is difficult to understand why, for "The Emperor's Clothes" had little to distinguish it beyond a ponderousness of intention and a negligibility of achievement. Writing about the vicissitudes of a Hungarian family during the early days of a police state, Mr. Tabori presumably sought to examine the moral condition of liberal idealism, and to illumine its subtle network of commitments and betrayals, in both their private and public manifestations. Of illumination, however, there was little.

I do not take pleasure in failure: Mr. Tabori's is a respectable talent, with its own claim to our attention. But he has not yet performed what can be called, by any generosity of judgment, a complete imaginative act. "The Emperor's Clothes" was a malformed esthetic object, like some monstrous, unripe tropical fruit: sour and horny here, there already gone rancid and decayed. One bit into it reluctantly—who knew what you might be spewing forth next? Chekhov? Arthur Koestler? Mr. Tabori writes as if no one had ever preceded him down the interminable literary arcade.

What was worst, he spread over his melodramatic bric-a-brac a gloss of third-rate romantic sensibility most offensive in its calculation. Surely we have been among these people before: the mother with her melancholy recollections of a brilliant youth; the old widow (*"dear* Mrs. Schlossberg!") tending her memories and her mimosa; the feline aristocrat who wants to know *what* to do with his peasants. Not the pathos of lost

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illusions, but the rhetoric of sentimentality is, I fear, Mr. Tabori's real subject.

A luckless play and a luckless performance. Where was sensibility in the swollen egomania of Lee Cobb's exhibition? In Maureen Stapleton's neurasthenic vaporizings? Of the cast, only Esmond Knight managed to bring some astringent gallantry to his role. And Harold Clurman's direction has never seemed so wildly ineffectual. He staged "The Emperor's Clothes" as if eternity were listening, and sent Mr. Tabori's generalities howling noisily down great, empty corridors of wind. (*Closed at the Ethel Barrymore*)

HAZEL FLAGG

THE lady in question will be remembered as the satiric center of Mr. Ben Hecht's mordant comedy, "Nothing Sacred"—that imaginary invalid who greets news of her impending demise with the wistful statement: "I want to have fun." Faithful to old loyalties, Mr. Hecht has revived Hazel, fitted her out with a musical background, and reincarnated her in the dazzling presence of Miss Helen Gallagher. The result is pure cream (Broadway)—a razzle-dazzle entertainment piece for what *Variety* calls "the frivolous-minded trade," a contingent among which this reporter must happily number himself.

One could, to be sure, cavil endlessly at the inadequacies of "Hazel Flagg"; neither its book, nor its songs, nor Robert Alton's dances have any specific point of view, and the evening as a whole suffers from a distress of plenty. But so much good-will, wit and professional liveliness weigh heavily in its favor. Inevitably, one must play favorites in a steeplechase such as this: I confess to a special affection for Sheree North's incendiary "Salome," and Jack Whiting's impeccable soft-shoe routine in "Every Street's a Boulevard."

Above all, though, there is Miss Gallagher to give "Hazel Flagg" its expertly tart and earthy flavor. A kind of natural phenomenon, she is wonderfully low, wonderfully rowdy and raucous, and the story of "Laura de Maupassant," a wicked ballad of low life under the Eiffel Tower, becomes at her touch the brilliant assertion of an irresistible personality. (*At the Mark Hellinger*)

ON BORROWED TIME

NOTHING currently on Broadway has more pathos than Victor Moore's moment, in this revival, when he realizes his wife has died without hearing from him the last words of reconciliation. Otherwise, the interest of Paul Osborn's gentle fantasy remains undiminished, even if time has diluted something of its potency. Leo Carroll, Beulah Bondi and an admirable cast lend him their support, but it is chiefly Mr. Moore who carries a splendid role (and his seventy-five years) with a classic dignity and grace. (*At the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre*)

RICHARD HAYES.

COMMUNICATIONS

"A CRY IN THE DARK"

Houma, Louisiana

TO the Editors: I know that you generally only publish letters of appeal for help from priests in the remote interior of India or Africa. The help you get them must seem to them to come from some far off star or other world, and attests the width of the Mystical Body and our universal solidarity. But there are priests here in the deep South, working with and for Negroes, who sometimes feel just as far off from loving help and understanding, and wonder where it will come from.

Right now, here in Houma, in Southeastern Louisiana, we have eleven Presentation Sisters suddenly made homeless. Five of them came here in 1949 to teach Negro children in our parish school. Enrollments have quadrupled since then. Now we have eleven Sisters teaching four hundred and eighty-nine children, only one hundred and seventy-five of whom are Catholics and most of them converts because of the wonderful way in which these Sisters have loved them and taught them.

The Sisters have been living in an abandoned WAVES' barracks on a World War II Naval Air Base for going on four years. Not much comfort or convenience—and four miles from Houma. That didn't faze the Sisters. But now the air base is being re-activated. I received a rather sudden notice that the Sisters would have to get out by February 1. So now some of the Sisters are sleeping in a classroom, others in a school office, others in a little room over a small auditorium. No other place in Houma is available for these wonderful women.

We've tried to raise sufficient funds to build a convent. It's been no go. And we're in debt to the breaking point now. It would take too many pages to go into all the ins and outs of our financial state. But we don't want to lose these Sisters and close up the school. Could you, knowing how things are at best in the deep South, print this letter, letting your readers know how it is with us? I know this is a cry in the dark, but a few may hear it.

(Rev.) JOHN A. MCSHANE, S.S.J.
Pastor, St. Lucy's Church
P.O. Box 484
Houma, Louisiana

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A SHORT STORY

Paris, London and New York

RAYMOND J. POLTRONIERI

AT about the middle of the Queensboro Bridge I realized I didn't care for her, although it was actually the first time I'd taken her out. (I don't consider having taken her home from the office Christmas party a date since everyone in our outfit went to the hotel together after work.) I guess I was pretty down-in-the-mouth because it meant the end of the dreams I had been having for more than a year. It's amazing how many hopes you can build up just because there's a pretty girl working in the same office. I stopped for a light on Second Avenue and looked at her out of the corner of my eye. She turned to me with a full, bright smile, completely unaware of my thoughts.

When I was hired the personnel man said he hoped I wasn't the kind of fellow who'd spend all his time chasing after the girls in the office to the detriment of his work. I sometimes tell myself this was the reason I delayed so long asking Joan for a date but in my heart I know it was because I was too bashful.

The night I took her home from the Christmas dance I asked her if I might take her out sometime and she gave me some answer like, "We'll see." I pondered over this remark and all its implications for so long it wasn't until April that I finally did ask for a date. She accepted with such directness that I was kind of peeved at myself for all the time I had dilly-dallied.

Transportation was a problem since I don't own a car. I live in Woodhaven and Joan in the west Nineties in Manhattan. Don't get me wrong though, she's not a rich girl. You know Central Park West is very nice and Broadway in that neighborhood has a distinctive character but Joan lives in one of those blocks between Columbus and Amsterdam which, with their old brick houses and their neighborhood bars, seem to resist change and appear a few years behind the rest of the city.

Borrowing my brother's car was the worst chore in all the preparations I made for that date. He thinks very highly of his car although it is fourteen years old. I had to make him so many promises I finally asked if he thought we should get a lawyer to draw up a contract. My most foolish concession was to clean the car for I found that this was something that hadn't been done all winter.

At any rate I worked so hard on that car—inside and out—and there were so many things on my mind, like the funny noise in the carburetor, being double-parked when I picked up Joan, and what would happen if I broke down on Queens Boulevard, that I was worn out by the time we got to the dance.

As we sat at our table and the band began to play I said to myself, "Well now's the time to enjoy yourself" but it just wasn't possible. It was like those stories you read of a man who works eighty-five years to become a millionaire and then finds he's incapable of enjoying life. Only in my case it was a multitude of petty worries and anxieties which were responsible for my failure to have a good time.

I guess you might say Joan tried to hold up her end of the conversation but the time seemed to drag. I don't know what I expected her to do—sing an aria or give me her views on the foreign situation—but when she described some of the experiences her father had as a subway motorman or told me of the honors her brother was winning at school, I considered her remarks rather inane. After a time I came to regard her like a man with a hangover regards his breakfast—it not only makes him nauseous at the moment it's put before him but he begins to wonder why he had ever found food attractive at all.

Mr. Poltronieri's short story "The Pulse of the Nation" appears in "The Commonweal Reader."

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IT was a sort of philosophical sadness which I felt as, driving her home, I turned west in the Fifties. I forget the exact street but it was one of those blocks with so many night-clubs with their colored awnings extending to the curb and their doormen in fancy uniforms.

I was forced to stop about halfway to the corner because the stream of traffic ahead was held up by a red light. As I did so an elderly, distinguished-looking man in evening clothes and a beautiful girl in a fur coat got into a car parked just ahead and to the right of us. He was one of those handsome fellows with a white mustache who could have played the part of the dishonest district attorney in the movies. The girl was very attractive but in a different way from Joan. Where Joan gave the appearance of friendliness, this girl had the cold and haughty air of some of the models you see pictured on the fashion pages in Sunday's *Times*.

After the young lady was assisted into the car the man came around and sat behind the wheel. He looked back to see what was holding me up and, as he did so, I motioned him to go ahead. It wasn't at all a matter of courtesy; I was just afraid my brother's car might not start up and I wanted to avoid being embarrassed.

Anyhow the well-dressed man pulled out without any trouble and as he turned into mid-street he tipped his homburg to Joan as an expression of thanks. Neither Joan nor I said anything but I could see her face color. She seemed to cringe with joy at the thought that such a handsome and distinguished man should have saluted her. For my own part I began to wonder at the relationship between this man of rather advanced age and this young girl but I quickly desisted. It's so easy to have evil thoughts these days.

At the corner they turned north while we continued cross-town.

"That was a very nice car those people had," Joan said.

"It's made by the same people who make this one," I replied. I thought Joan would laugh because my brother's car was an old Plymouth and the well-dressed man was driving a new Chrysler convertible. She didn't seem to hear this funny remark however.

Soon we were out of the bright lights of the East side and entered what, at that hour, seemed a very depressing and desolate neighborhood of factories and commercial buildings. I suppose in a way it was this change of neighborhoods which reminded me of my own disappointment after my nervous anticipation.

I thought of the insignificance of the whole affair and felt better. In a few hours, I reasoned, the city like some huge, lethargic monster would awaken, yawn, shake its head a few times and arise reluctantly to the day's activity. My own letdown, my dreams of the past several months, the rich man and the beautiful girl would never be thought of again.

This quality of being able to live anonymously was, I concluded, peculiar to New York. At first I suspected it was in some way connected with the opera, the museums and the ballet—that these things kept one from putting too much significance on the ordinary events of his own life. I realized immediately though that this could not be so for I had never been to an opera, a museum or a ballet.

It seemed to me that only in New York could I have experienced such a mood and I wondered if the feeling could have been duplicated anywhere else in the world. I guess you might say the answer came to me out of the blue but I really think it was some vague idea I had gleaned from all the movies I had ever seen and all the books I had ever read.

"There are only three cities in the world," I said aloud, "Paris, London and New York."

Usually I'm reassured by the sound of my own voice but that statement seemed so ridiculous it completely unnerved me.

Joan said nothing and I was grateful. Since she hadn't laughed at my remark about the old Plymouth and the new Chrysler I felt she probably wouldn't remember my latest observation for more than a few seconds. I pressed on the accelerator. We were traveling north and I wanted to get her home quickly.

In the vestibule of her home I decided I should go through the motions of trying to kiss her goodnight. Although I never intended to take her out again I didn't want her to think she was unattractive or anything like that.

Her head was bent as she looked through her purse for the key to the hallway door. I put my hands to her waist, pulled her toward me and kissed her. I released her and flinched for the slap I thought might follow. She smiled but kept her eyes averted. I sort of pushed her to one side of the vestibule—the side away from the letter-boxes and door-bells—and kissed her again. It seemed we stood there in each other's arms for a long while. I can remember how she frightened me when she raised her head from my chest and looked into my eyes with an expression that was completely helpless and completely trusting.

"Do you act this way with all the girls?" she asked.

I tried to remember if I had ever acted that way with any girl before and I was obliged to answer no.

"Or course not," I said, "it's because you're different."

Perhaps this should have made me feel as I had when I spoke of Paris, London and New York, but it didn't.

"When will I see you again?" Joan said. She disengaged herself abruptly and took up the search for the key to the hallway.

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I thought I should alter my previous decision and see her again. I had in mind some long-term plan like several months hence.

She pressed her head against my shoulder.

"Next Saturday," I said, "how about next Saturday?"

"It seems so far away," she replied.

Again we were in each other's arms and pressed tightly together.

"Tomorrow," I said, meaning Sunday, "can't I see you tomorrow?"

"If you like."

"But I shan't have the car," I said as we separated.

"It's all right, we can take a walk in the park."

It was agreed I'd be over about two Sunday afternoon.

I walked jauntily out of the vestibule to the car. The world had taken on a different aspect, my fatigue had left me and I no longer felt the compelling desire to get home.

WHEN Joan opened the door to her apartment that Sunday afternoon I knew something was wrong. She backed up a few steps when she saw me.

"My father would like to have a few words with you before we go out." She spoke without assurance, as though doubtful that we'd go out at all. She disappeared into another room and, as she did, I saw her mother seated in a rocking-chair with her hands clasped together in her lap as in meditation or prayer.

I had met Joan's father and brother the night before when I had picked her up but I had had only the opportunity of mumbling a few words of greeting. Her brother was, I believe, studying for his master's degree and he seemed to have a book in his hands at all times—even when he crossed from one side of the room to the other.

Her father must be described as a big man although he was not especially tall. He was so broad, however, he gave the appearance of a man who could clean out a poolrom and think no more of it than an ordinary man would of bending over to touch his toes fifty times.

I nodded my head respectfully to them both and wondered at the fuss they were making just because I had kissed Joan a few times in the vestibule. Her brother seated himself at the dining-room table and placed a forefinger between the pages of the book where he had discontinued reading.

"Won't you have a seat?" her father said softly.

I sat. Her father remained standing.

"We know," he said, "you took Joan out last night and although you brought her home rather late, we wish to thank you for bringing her home safely."

Her father seemed to be speaking for himself and his son. The latter put a hand to his chin but his face had no expression from which anything could be discerned.

"We understand you said something last night and we'd like to ask you about it."

I tried to recall all the things I had said and concluded it was my remark to Joan that she was the only girl I had acted that way with.

"This morning Joan said you said 'There are only three cities in the world—Paris, London and New York.' Is that right?"

I tried to think for a few moments. The words seemed quite different to me sitting in their apartment that Sunday afternoon than they had when I had spoken them. The venetian blind had been left slightly raised over the base of the window and I could see the clothes on a neighbor's line being blown peacefully by the breeze.

"Yes that's true, although it's rather difficult to explain," I started with a brisk and confident air. "You see Paris, London and New York are among the largest cities in the world—"

"Ah," her father spoke with a friendly and hopeful voice, "then you said Paris, London and New York are the three largest cities in the world?"

"No, not exactly," I replied. I thought that to have said such a thing unaccountably while driving a girl home from a date would have been a great deal more asinine than what I actually did say.

The breeze had died and the clothes on the line were motionless. I considered saying that in Paris, London and New York a man might commit a sin or a crime some night and the next morning not only would he not be censured or apprehended but more than likely no one would have even the slightest interest in what he had done. I remembered that I was speaking to Joan's father and brother and I realized such a statement might lead to misinterpretation.

"You see I was trying to get across the idea that Paris, London and New York, in addition to their size, have something else about them—that you're more or less altogether free in these places and no one cares what you do. I mean for example you could go to a bar one night, spend several hours there and then for the rest of your life you might never see the bartender or any of the other patrons again. Yet while you were there you probably speculated or made up stories about some of the people—whether some of the couples were married or just going together and whether some of the men were natives or out-of-towners."

"But couldn't you do that anywhere else?" her father asked.

"Well I guess you could too. But in addition to that the next morning no one cares what you were doing the night before. I mean these are three of the

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biggest cities in the world and yet you can get yourself lost and feel really unimportant. Sometimes you feel good about it—being completely alone in such a big place I mean—but sometimes it's frightening because you're so lonely."

I laughed the thinnest laugh of my career and looked at the prosecuting attorney and the judge.

"Couldn't all these things and all these feelings take place in Chicago?" her father asked.

"Well I've never been to Chicago so I really can't say but I understand it's not quite the same. I mean I guess the people are a bit more interested in each other—"

"Have you ever been to Paris?"

"Well when I was in the army I was in a truck of a motor convoy traveling through France. One morning a fellow said that during the night we had passed through a suburb of Paris but to this day I've never found out if he was right or not."

"Have you ever been to London?"

"No, I'm afraid not."

Her father paused as though to collect his wits or to marshal his ammunition.

"I can understand you talking about New York," he said, "but how can you speak about Paris and London?"

"Well I guess it's one of those things you get to accept on faith but all the books I've ever read leave me with that idea."

Her father had a puzzled and alarmed look on his face. Her brother looked the same as usual only a bit sadder. From the kitchen the refrigerator made a strange noise as if the motor was about to break down. I thought that perhaps even it was dissatisfied with my explanation.

"Let's start from the time you left for the dance," her father suggested. "Did anything unusual happen on the way to or at the dance?"

"Well no, not really. I was rather tired. I had worked hard on the car all day and I had a few drinks at the dance but—"

"You were drunk," her father shouted.

"No, no, not at all," I said indignantly. I thought of how angry he would become if I conceded I had been drunk while driving his daughter home from the dance.

"That's all right, it's nothing to be ashamed of. I like to take a drink once in a while myself," he was at my side pounding me on the shoulder with joyous excitement. "No offense meant. We heard what you said last night and we just wanted to make sure you were all right up here." He tapped his head several times.

He signaled to his son who opened the door to permit Joan and her mother to re-enter the dining room. They were full of smiles over the way my case had been decided. Joan's brother retired to an easy-chair and took up his reading.

Her father seemed so pleased at his conviction that I had been drunk I wondered if there wasn't some skill involved in drinking too much which I hadn't before noted. He disappeared for a few moments and came back armed with a bottle of rye and two glasses. We drank to each other's health although the fact that he offered me no chaser brought tears to my eyes.

"You'll be back later for dinner of course," he said.

"I'd like to very much," I replied, "but my mother's expecting me."

"Call her up and explain. She won't mind." He pushed me toward the phone. "And tell her some day soon we'll have her and your dad over."

I had dinner there that Sunday evening after Joan and I returned from our walk in the park. To be truthful I've had it there every Sunday since. I'm not crazy about the idea but I don't really object to it any more either. I figure it's easier than trying to explain why I can't come and I think Joan's father, in his own way, expects great things of me.

BOOKS

A Matter Of Tradition

H. A. REINHOLD

"DESPITE its missionary zeal and optimism, its host of devoted and saintly men and women, and its rigid discipline, the odds against the conquest of the world by Roman Catholicism through persuasion and conversion are very great. If it could not keep the loyalty of Europe where once it was supreme, nor win the battle against Communist materialism in that nation which is the very center of its authority, its prospects of final victory elsewhere are not bright." This quotation is from *Two Roads to Truth* by Edmund W. Sinnott (Viking. $3.50), which has as its subtitle the promise of being "a basis of unity under the Great Tradition."

The author is a learned man or he would certainly not be Dean of the Graduate School of Yale University. Yet he says: "The close parallel between the two totalitarian systems of the present day—the Catholic Church and Soviet Communism—has been drawn and documented by Paul Blanshard. The centralization of au-

Father Reinhold is pastor of Saint Joseph's Church in Sunnyside, Washington.

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thority in both has led to a similarity in their fundamental attitude toward truth." James M. O'Neill has exposed Blanshard's "documentation" and the faces of some respectable scholars who applauded Blanshard should have been red, but they definitely are not. Nor is the good Dean blushing.

It is not nice to review a book dedicated to peace and good-will by opening with quotations which show how fundamentally hostile the author is to the Catholic Church. But Dean Sinnott has asked for it.

My own record on two continents, if I may say so, at least among the few who know me, should protect me from the charge of being totally uncritical towards the body Catholic. (I don't enjoy the critic's role, because the ones who can take such criticism are very few, and my own conscience bothers me. Two loyalties, the one urging me to warn, and the other hounding me with the fear of scandalizing the little ones, are as consciously present in me as in others. But since my audience is small and mature, I let the more arduous loyalty get the better of me.)

In Dean Sinnott's book, not only is Paul Blanshard the crown witness in sizing up the Catholic Church, but the author, who misses no occasion to appeal to fairness, good-will and justice, compares the Soviet "system" with the Catholic Church. I would like the Dean to show me the Church's concentration camps, slave labor, spy system, and terroristic thought police. And if he insists on bringing in the unfortunate period of the Spanish and other inquisitions, periods of which I am as ashamed as the next man, I would remind him of the New England witch burnings, the bloody persecutions of Catholics by good Queen Bess, Oliver Cromwell in Ireland, Servetus burned at the stake by Calvin, and the unbloody and steady maligning of Catholics in large and small churches up and down this country in our own day.

If the kind Dean is really bent on converting Catholics to tolerance, broadmindedness and intellectual cooperation is not his present approach, to say the least, an awkward start? Let us be specific: does the Dean see a resemblance between Pope Pius XII and Josef Stalin? Is there no difference between the purges decreed in Moscow and the Holy Office's declaring books heretical and forbidding Catholics to read them before a check into their qualification to judge is made?

This review of the Dean's book may either be ignored or have a bad press, because so many of our Protestant fellow citizens have assumed a posture of contempt, impatience, and insulting condescension toward Catholics, which bodes ill for the era of tolerance which Dr. Sinnott has in mind. I am trying hard to offer the other cheek, but being told in so many words by the author that the Protestant churches number the intelligent sector of the population, which leaves us Catholics under a collective dunce cap, is almost too much. Has Dr. Sinnott ever heard of snake handlers, or of the mob violence in the solidly Protestant South? But this leads nowhere—except to establish that there are motes of Protestant authoritarianism and intolerance which it would be advisable to remove before one looks for the beams in Catholic eyes. This may be a bit rough for a journal as polite and civilized as The Commonweal (I am sure the editors feel uncomfortable) but the kind Dean asked for it and I am afraid circumlocutions may not be understood. If the skin becomes too thick a gentle tap and a horrified cluck won't do; it is possible that a roar of anguish may show the well-mannered, polite scholar how supercilious and insulting he actually is.

BUT let us get to the book as a whole. In the name of the "Great Tradition," which Dean Sinnott defines as Liberalism—a solvent for orthodox crusts—the Dean appeals to all and sundry, starting with Western Christendom, to follow him on the adventurous roads toward truth. These roads are twain: reason and spirit. Anybody trained in traditional philosophy will rub his eyes, seeing this unusual distinction. But in spite of this rather odd terminology (and there is more loose vocabulary scattered all over the book) the Dean means discursive reason and his own version of intuition.

The organ which reasons is the brain. The other organ, constantly mentioned but as far as I can see undefined until the very end (p. 221) of the book, is a "deeper center in man's subconsciousness which seems to come into more direct contact with truth, almost like sense perception, and it needs no reasoning to reach truth." The truth, in the author's mind, is really only opinion and the preliminary result of the activities of "reason" and "spirit."

"Spirit," as the twin of reason, haunts almost every page of *Two Roads to Truth* but remains ghostlike. Dr. Sinnott's "spirit" comes mighty close to matter, the thinnest kind of matter of course, but still matter. The doings of the spirit of man are, according to his intuition, unqualified. He finds a metaphor to illustrate the difference and a telling one: reasoning is like calculating with pencil and paper; intuition solves the same operation like an electronic calculator, doing it in a flash and far more competently. And yet all through this book he makes the object of "reason" appear as different from the ones dealt with by what he so strangely persists in calling "spirit."

". . . in the depths of the protoplasmic system there is an intuitive point of contact with reality that needs no mediation by the reason . . . sensitive to the ultraviolet end of the spectrum of reality . . . something [different from our senses which only apprehend] like the longer wave-lengths [of reality]. . . . Perhaps the

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two roads to [the Dean's] truth that are called [by him] reason and spirit may not be so different after all." Yet Dr. Sinnott says he is not a materialist. He refers slightingly to the "subtleties of St. Thomas Aquinas." If he studied Aquinas he might realize that subtlety is sometimes useful, especially when you are inviting the Protestant body to shed the shackles of "overbelief," of dogma and convention in favor of these two roads to opinion-truth.

I will say little about the style and tone of the book, going no further than mentioning that the author has read much and hastily— as is proved by his negligence in taking account of contexts, textual as well as cultural. For example, he uses "liberalism" as if Pius IX had in mind what Dean Sinnott seems to mean by the word. It gives Pius IX a black eye, of course. Again the Dean does not probe into the meaning of the word "Revelation" and uses it as if it were something spooky. The Dean seems to be genuinely unaware that all theologians from the Cappadocian Fathers to the very pedestrian schoolbook writers know and specifically say that all statements about God are analogical. So Saint Thomas Aquinas knew about the "analogia entis," the assumption that though we can say more correctly and easily what God is not, we may trustingly assume that He didn't give us reason in order to mislead us and that somehow a word like "Trinity" is not just nonsense. But that is as far as the Church has ever gone.

I agree with the author that the Church is full of ignorant, cocksure, pontifical little men who are unaware of mystery and mistake the penny catechism for a full-scale map of the kingdom of the Spirit (I mean the one Dr. Sinnott does not mean). I will not fuss over the author's constant use of the word "supernatural" as something suggesting Superman, space fiction and nuclear physics. Even the fundamentalists, whose theology gets by on a shoestring, know that "supernatural" is used to describe beings and actions that are outside of, and independent of, the physical universe.

Dean Sinnott in polite peremptoriness, kindly harshness, liberal authoritarianism and friendly contempt, asks all of us, the fundamentalists, the organized religious bodies, the believers in Revelation and in the Incarnation of the One and Only, to be less rigid, to discard our "overbeliefs," to understand and tolerate each other to the degree of merging our beliefs. He thinks doctrine will wear away and then we will meet in harmony: "Given basic allegiance to the fruits of [pencil and paper operation] reason and [electronic calculator swiftness] spirit, there should be widest latitude [sic!] for differences. . . . [these differences] need not prevent subscription to the ancient doctrine of the Trinity . . . or . . . the Son of God. A Unitarian would respect such a position while preferring his own simpler conception of divinity."

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I am under the impression that Unitarians "prefer" their version on the basis of Scripture and reason, not just to make it all simpler. But here we touch the Dean's basic disagreement with us, with "neo-orthodoxy" (which seems to mean Barth and Niebuhr and the fundamentalists): his primitive idea of religion. Too often to quote, all through the book, he makes it clear that religion to him is emotion, something welling up out of the deep and dark recesses of the subconscious, extra-rational, sub-intuitional, atavistic. He quotes C. G. Jung once, but the quotation seems less the result of assiduous penetration of all that which goes with "Evanos" than the outcome of looking for material in the indexes of books. Anyway, he does not entirely subscribe to this most dangerous of all modern interpretations of religion—therefore his basic contradiction: "spirit" as the intellectual intuition of truth in "wholes" on the one hand, and on the other as the irrational or subrational exudation of protoplastic systems, really some kind of internal sweat.

He speaks of the orderliness of the Universe. And his book has magnificent chapters which seem to allege that our conception of orderliness will occasionally have its surprises in this universe; he seems to say that atoms and molecules behave most arbitrarily and maybe there is room for a miracle yet.* But Joshua and Jonah, the sun standing still and the big fish spitting a prophet ashore get in his way—and religion is again preposterous. I don't think any modern man feels very happy with the Old Testament miracles. But to discard them as the nineteenth-century school did and to declare that reason should decide what to preserve and what to cast out, is too arbitrary a policy.

WHAT Protestants do not take into account, when they judge the more bewildering aspects of "Catholicismus vulgaris," is the fact that the Church we believe to be Christ's is a wide and charitable receptacle. There are Protestant churches for crackpots, zealots, bigots and simpletons as well as for intellectuals, the refined, the socially ambitious, the tradition-minded, the truly supernatural-minded, the emotionalists and the rationalists. Walk through main street from suburbia through the downtown section, across the tracks into shacktown. The whole town is a department store of religion. If you belong to one, you can avoid the others. You can identify yourself with a little group of like-minded people and feel all right. But with the Catholic definition of Truth, as hypostatized in Eternal

*The Fall of man in original sin is disposed of in one cavalier argument: the line of evolution is upward, therefore a fall at the beginning is illogical. The depraved ways of man are not of one deprived of his integrity, but remnants of savagery of primeval man. "Progress" becomes therefore an equivalent of moral perfection. With this idea no Protestant could agree, unless science is to re-write the Bible.

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Truth, in which through Revelation and our own dim but serviceable wits, we participate "as in a dark mirror,"—with this notion of Truth, we cannot possibly see eye to eye with a writer who speaks of the Great Tradition but doesn't consult it and ends up inviting us to go to Utopia.

But let us come to a more positive evaluation of *Two Roads to Truth*. I speak only for myself as a Catholic. Dean Sinnott speaks for millions and among them are countless Catholics. No priest can long converse with laymen without finding even active members of the Church who sound like this author. The Church assimilated antiquity, Hellenism, the Roman complex; later Thomas Aquinas took Aristotle, in an Arab garb at that, cleaned, tamed and clad him, and he became a fine altar boy. Who is going to do the job now that we face Karl Marx, Jung, and Freud?

The two roads to unity are not "reason" and "spirit" in the sense of this confused and confusing book (reason is a manifestation of spirit, not a brother), but they are the roads of reason and Revelation. If Revelation is from the same Source as reason, the contradictions we see are only apparent. The good Dean, who is so modest, and rightly so, in the field of science —why is he so cocksure and definite when he wanders into the field of faith?

He is right: something has seriously gone wrong with the churches, all of them, or he would not have the faulty impressions he has. Somehow or other we just don't look like Christ to the world when we describe ourselves as His Mystical Body. Apart from sectarian bigotry, sectarian misrepresentation and ignorance, we, the Western Catholics, though we have the true Church, are unable to convey the right impression.

While I am angry with the smug injustice the Dean does the Church, I am also perturbed that such a good, kindly man should have been given reason by us or others to think his unkind thoughts. His arbitrariness, his slights and his totalitarian and super-sectarian approach had to be called. But, I think, we deserve the censure that we have not gone out of our way to bind the wounds of the world.

The Early World of a Major Writer

THE SHIPWRECKED. Graham Greene. Viking. $3.

By T. E. CASSIDY

RECENTLY, Viking reissued Graham Greene's novel *England Made Me,* first published in England in 1935, under the title *The Shipwrecked*. The original title is much better, indeed it is absolutely to the point because the hero is a peculiar product of England. But the book itself, though it is early Greene, is a finely executed work which shows that this great author had the firmness of style and meaning then that made him become, in his later work, the best of all the English novelists who try to explore the deeper reality of man's struggle with himself.

On first reading this novel some years ago, I felt that here was an extraordinary penetration of the twisted mind of a pitiable man and the consequent twisting of those around him. It seems the same now, not quite as full-bodied, not quite as moving, not quite as shattering as the later works, but still a work of art that puts the rest of the tribe where they belong—on the fringe, looking on, catching some of the fire but none of the magic. In short, Graham Greene, in anything he has written, is so far superior to most of his contemporary craftsmen that we wonder now and again why we try to appraise those people on the same level.

One different Greene aspect is marked in this work. He is "socially conscious" in this novel, and I don't mean the pretentious preoccupation with misery that is the trademark of the realists and the neo-realists. Here, the fraudulent business giant is in horrible bold relief to the victimized worker, but without anything more than an emphasis upon the inherent feeling on the part of both that what they do is right—it is the thing to do and the thing to feel—and this rightness should be respected by each and all as a necessary private value in a curiously value-less world.

Mainly, this is the story of brother and sister, of Anthony and Kate Farrant. Anthony is a no-good floater; Kate is the mistress-secretary of Krogh, the cartel giant. Minty is a mean slob, always hovering near where the possibility of blackmail occurs. Hall is loyal to Krogh, loyal to the extent of his criminal talents, finally loyal to the point of murder. Kate is in love with Anthony, her brother, and no one else. And Anthony is in love only with Anthony.

This is a bald character appraisal, which does not show the intricate workings of these characters, one upon the other, or the fact that some of these people are heroic, in their manner, and some more often absolutely sinister. Kate is the heroine, Anthony the hero, Krogh the peculiar synthesis of the elements of both Kate and Anthony. All their mixup and misery reflect in Hall and Minty—particularly Minty, who is the perpetual scoundrel, with no undertone of even self-centered thieving honor. Back and forth these people go, traveling in a world of smiling evil, worried evil: intrigue, sham, fraud, deceit, profiteering, blood-letting, blackmailing, all for Anthony's ego, for Krogh's position, for Kate's love, for Hall's loyalty, for Minty's shabby interests.

The setting is Stockholm, and Greene makes it a lovely setting. But the setting is also the strange world of the pointless and rootless humans, adrift and apart, and like Greene's major characters in his great novels, lost, loved, and sometimes saved even in the midst of their greatest misery and despair.

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Fond Recall

HOSTAGE TO FORTUNE. By Joseph O'Connor. Macmillan. $3.75.

By RILEY HUGHES

WHEN a man gets to where he can describe himself as an "old fogey" and mean it, when he can look back on his life and see how many other people helped him live it and how circuitous were the lines of activity he followed, when he has survived most of his lifelong irritants (including, in this instance, an empire), it is time either to be firmly silent or to write a book. When he chooses the latter course, he should write to please himself and come upon things as they tug at memory, not be putting it all down after a blueprint.

At least that's Mr. O'Connor's approach, a proper tangent for a man who became a novelist late and by accident, and a schoolmaster (and for a brief period a pub-keeper) through force of circumstance. He has decided to tell his story in his own way: part autobiography, part angry essay, and, by far the greater and better part, in sketches and stories he happened to think of by the way. Boys, O Boys! as Mr. O'Connor is fond of saying, the result is at times confusing, but mostly it is as satisfactorily heady as those other fine products of Killarney, beer and scenery.

Mr. O'Connor, after all, was heir to confusion. Early research revealed to him that the Wilmots on his mother's side were the enemies and oppressors of the O'Connors. As a boy, he didn't know which inheritance to claim. Besides that, he was born and spent part of his boyhood in alien England, where his father was sergeant major in the Lincolnshire Yellowbellies, more officially Her Imperial Majesty's 10th Light Infantry. It didn't subtract from befuddlement that Her Imperial Majesty herself was mostly referred to under the code name of Mary Collins in O'Connor's set. Nor did the ambiguities lessen when Joe's father was retired to become a stationmaster in Ireland (after a railroad was invented for him) and the family took up temporary residence in an abandoned jail.

Most of the time he put it down to the English, of whom he writes if not with bitterness then certainly with a marvelously detailed memory for the *Gaire Sasanach,* the Englishman's smile. He remembers the days when "Lord Kenmare could transport you to Botony Bay or save you from the gallows with a waggle of his little finger" and rejoices, though of course unreconciled to Partition, that he has lived to see teachers' colleges occupying the mansions of the Elizabethan adventurers.

But all that is mere backdrop, as are the episodes of schooling and schoolmastering, for the yarns about the people, gentle and simple, that O'Connor recalls. He forgets the *Sasanach* and other irrelevancies when he spins the yarn of the fishermen who discovered the secret of the English fleet, or the story of the couple who survived the sinking of the *Lusitania,* or that of the young victim of the Civil War, or the magnificent yarn of the fiddler and the lost melody of "The Chicopee Reel." This book is full of good things, yet it must be said that art and ordinary garrulity often run neck and neck. For *Hostage to Fortune* lacks that serene love that makes the pages of *Robin Flower* so luminous, and absent also is that eager if captious intelligence that characterizes the attention Sean O'Faolain gives to these matters.

Women Imprisoned

INSIDE. By Helen Bryan. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

By JEAN HOLZHAUER

A NUMBER of accounts of prisoners' lives have arrested public attention in recent years; one recalls offhand such titles as Belbenoit's *Dry Guillotine,* Wilson's *My Six Convicts,* and Fallada's *The Drinker.* This book, however, is the only firsthand report ever published of a term in the federal women's penitentiary.

Helen Bryan in 1940 was the executive secretary of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, an agency which sent funds and medical relief to Spanish Republican refugees.

In 1945 she was subpoenaed by the House Committee on Un-

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American Activities to produce the books and records of her organization. Afraid that releasing the names of fund donors and recipients might endanger both groups, she refused. She was convicted of contempt of Congress, and sentenced to three months in the penitentiary at Alderson, W. Va.

Her book is a straightforward, unemotional report of the experience inside prison walls and the impact of that experience "inside" Helen Bryan. Both style and content indicate a mind trained to operate with a minimum of self-indulgence. Beset by feelings of anonymity and of retarded time, of dislocation and uncertainty, she preserved her balance and even her humor, and gradually made friends among the dope addicts and kidnappers, murderers, prostitutes and thieves who shared her life.

That she won the confidence of so many was a tribute to her patience and understanding in listening to their stories, which they were so much in need of telling.

In recounting those stories, Miss Bryan makes very clear what qualified psychiatrists have long known: that the origins of these women's crimes lie neither in faulty academic education nor in economic underprivilege, but in the area of emotional development. She has few complaints to make of the care accorded Alderson inmates, but two suggestions for improvement: more opportunity for individual exercise of decision—to be found, she thinks, in a wider program of meaningful activities—and the opportunity for psychiatric consultation.

A Way of Life

HOLDING THE STIRRUP. By Baroness Elisabeth von Guttenberg. Duell, Sloan & Pearce-Little Brown. $3.75.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

THE Other Germany—how often, during World Wars I and II, and between them, have we not been told about it, have we not tried to imagine it, even to remember it? And here, in this dignified, touching and very moving book, "as told to" Sheridan Spearman, is its essence. Here is the old pattern of aristocratic life, but Catholic and committed, totally committed, to the duties of the way of life into which a person was born. And here, too, is a goodness shiningly clear, almost naive.

Communism and Nazism are both recognized, instantly, and fought with all the simple weapons in the feudal armory. Elisabeth von Guttenberg was half Hungarian, and one of the great influences in her life was her Bishop uncle, Count John Mikes. She married at eighteen Enoch von Guttenberg, already a hero, who had done street fighting, and was imprisoned more than once. It was a flawless marriage, idyllically romantic and absurdly un-twentieth century, and Enoch and the other gallant young men who were responsible for the July, 1944 Putsch against Hitler, were medieval in their devotion to duty, and valor, to outmoded standards of honor and chivalry.

Perhaps the two most sympathetic of all the many saga-like characters are Teresa Neumann and Klaus von Stauffenberg. Never has the much-discussed *stigmatisee* appeared more **human or more holy,** and the young hero whose whole

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family was ordered annihilated for his share in the plot stands out a hero among heroes.

This story is never sentimental, whining or evasive of responsibility: Baroness von Guttenberg, like some Roman matron, saw her husband die, had a son killed in Russia; indeed almost all her relatives perished, but she is so absolutely grounded in faith that she remains serene, even happy: she can enjoy her young daughters, and their American beaux; she can accept the discomforts of contemporary democracy, with grace and good humor. Truly here one can wonder and admire the *gesta Dei per Germanos,* and enjoy the unique flavor of a way of life, and of death, that is as truly German as it is Catholic.

REVIEWERS

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